

# The Musical World.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## DOUGLAS JERROLD IN PARIS.

This popular and talented man of letters is in the French capital, cheering on "the people" by his counsels, writing apostrophes to their imaginary virtues, and spinning out histories of their imaginary triumphs, for the columns of his own weekly newspaper. Mr. Jerrold may direct the bellows of his eloquence to the furnace of French revolution as often as he pleases; we shall not rate him for that, although we may compassionate the delusion under which he labours; but if, by striking the flint of sophistry against the steel of ignorance, and by thrusting the match of false zeal into the Lucifer-box of blind mobocracy, he draws sparks from the tinder of angry disaffection, and sets fire to the brimstone of civil belligerence at home, we shall then feel it our duty to call him over the coals, and politely tax him with imprudently wasting his time in the chace of vain shadows, instead of using it for the benefit and delight of the world, as he is well capable of doing. Mr. Jerrold is a very clever man—nay, more, a man of genius; but he evidently mistakes his vocation, and is careless of the real mission which organic accident has assigned him. While he is writing *Black Eyed Susan*, and master-pieces of that kind, he is doing the work for which he is fitted, and commands the respect and admiration of his fellow-men; but while he is flattering the brutal prejudices of mobs, and dancing attendance on "Provisional Governments," he is no longer Douglas Jerrold, but a kind of spurious Robert Owen, than which nothing can be less imposing or magnanimous.

Let Douglas Jerrold mind his P's and Q's—in plainer terms, his letters. The "Provisional Government" will gain nothing by his patronage, take none of his hints, and think no better of him for his officious partisanship. If Douglas Jerrold is desirous that Lamartine and Louis Blanc should be acquainted with the grave fact of his existence, why not send Lamartine and Louis Blanc, who can read English between them, a copy of his *Black Eyed Susan*? Depend upon it, Lamartine and Louis Blanc would relish it much more than a speech, or a manifesto;—for, Heaven pity them! they are bored with enough of these, and more than enough, from "the people," without the additional tax of foreign prolixity. Not one of the Provisional Government but would get away from Paris if he could; not one of them can, however, and that is the misfortune.

If Douglas Jerrold wants a proof that such deputations as he has rendered important by his presence and countenance are a profound bore to the "Provisional Government," let him read the letter of the *Times* correspondent, of Monday, March 13, where he will find the following passage:—

"Marrast sat apart by the side of a large fire, blazing cheerfully, under the splendid marble mantelpiece, his body buried in an immense easy chair, and his mind absorbed in a despatch. He took no part in the proceedings."

M. Marrast showed himself therein a man of sense, and

one, moreover, who will not be bored, except by his own countrymen. It may be all very amusing for the lookers on to stir up poor Lamartine with a long pole—in the shape of an address, a petition, a protestation, or what not—and hear him turning rank nonsense into flashes of eloquence, with an address peculiar to himself; but we put it to Douglas Jerrold, whether, as a brother *homme de lettres*, it is not unfeeling of him to add to the already insufferable torments of his unhappy *confrère*? Let him place himself in the position of Lamartine, and imagine the nuisance that the great French poet, philosopher, and historian, would be to him, Douglas Jerrold, the popular novelist and dramatist, were he to inflict upon him continual doses of revolutionary eloquence, and such like common places.

In their present position, from which we trust they may speedily extricate themselves, the "Provisional Government" are men of action, and only as men of action can they effect any real good; but Douglas Jerrold and others would make them men of words—all their patriotism to evaporate in frothy verbosity, like the effervescence of a bottle of soda water—or a seidlitz powder, which would, perhaps, better illustrate in metaphor the explosion resulting from the conjunction of Jerrold-acid and Lamartine-salts.

Of course we are thorough believers in the patriotism and cosmopolitan zeal of Douglas Jerrold, and we scout the notion that he has gone to Paris with the idea of stimulating the sale of his newspaper by a new kind of quack advertisement—the pungentest political nostrum of the times. This, as a matter of course;—but the enemies of Douglas Jerrold would seize hold of the plea, to degrade him in the eyes of his contemporaries; and it behoves the popular man of letters to guard against the possibility of any such misconception of his purely social and regenerative philosophy. The best way for him to do this at once—before surmise shall ripen into conviction, and animosity whip the slander into popular belief—is to get back as fast as he can to Boulogne, and thence take the first boat to England; he may have ours, if he will condescend to avail himself of the convenience.

Meanwhile we are not averse to his purchasing a pair of polished boots and a dozen pair of white kid gloves; thus *botté* and *ganté*, in the handsomest Parisian fashion, he will at least be able to shew that he has been spending a holiday in the French metropolis.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the *Barbiere* and the new *ballet* were again played, in presence of a fashionable and distinguished audience. The performances, both musical and choregraphic, went off with great *eclat*.

On Tuesday a mountain groaned, and forth issued a mouse; a new *grand opera* by "young Verdi" was announced, and a

collection of the crumbs dropped from the tables of all the feeblest composers in Italy—including "young Verdi himself, the feeblest of the feeble—was the dainty dish set before" the critic. When will the spirited director of Her Majesty's Theatre be convinced that hopes of Verdi ever becoming popular in England—even with the crowd, much more with the discerning few—are utterly fallacious? Very soon we trust, for his own sake, no less than for ours. We love to praise, and hate to carp and quibble; but what can we do when the question is *à propos de Verdi*—the most *mal-à-propos* of any possible *à propos*, in the musical vocabulary?

But let us get out of the mire as quickly as we can, and run to some dry place, where we can brush our clothes and thank heaven that we are safe and sound.

The plot of *Attila*, in its *enverdi* 'd shape, is thus laid down in the book of the *libretto* :—

"The scene of this lyric drama is placed principally at Aquileia, a Roman colony on the Adriatic, which, from its grandeur, was honored by the ancients with the appellation of '*Roma Secunda*.' Attila having overcome and devastated this great city, amidst his rejoicings after the event, is surprised by the appearance of a band of Aquileian virgins, led by Odabella, daughter of the Lord of Aquileia, who has been killed in the battle. She defies the conqueror, who, touched by her beauty and her courage, asks what boon he can confer upon her. She answers 'a sword,' and he gives his own. The object of Odabella is to enact towards Attila, the scourge of her country, the part of Judith towards Holofernes, and avenge her father and her countrymen. But when the moment of execution comes she hesitates, and remains in the barbarian camp, the object of Attila's admiration. When her lover, Foresto, the chief of the remaining Aquileians, and Ezio, the leader of the defeated Romans, re-appear—the one disguised, the other feigning treachery to his imperial master—when they compass the means of poisoning Attila at a feast, and of assailing his camp in the confusion of the hour—Odabella, at the very moment of the catastrophe, is touched with pity, and saves the life of the tyrant of her country. Attila now insists on sharing his throne with Odabella; but hardly are the nuptial rites celebrated, than Foresto finds means of penetrating once more into the camp, and upbraids Odabella with her perfidy and her forgetfulness of all her vows and duties. At the thoughts of the wrongs of her lover, her father, and her country, her heart is steeled to the execution of her first resolve of vengeance, and she stabs Attila to the heart."

Here was a fine subject for a composer who knew his art, and was possessed of genius. A sort of rugged grandeur might have been imparted to the music, and the contrast between the hard ambitious Attila, frightened at dreams, and the soft, devoted, and high-souled Odabella—a better Roman than an Aquileian—offered a noble field for the imagination of the musician. And then the opportunities for characteristic variety of style, presented by the choruses of the Christians and the wild soldiers of Attila, would have been seized with avidity by a composer even ordinarily endowed—without being Gluck, Mozart, or Rossini. Verdi is, however, not ordinarily endowed, but rather extraordinarily unendowed—without being Gluck, Mozart, or Rossini; and from his hands all these fine things issue lifeless and unidealised.

In the *Times* article is a paragraph, showing in what particulars the poet who had the enviable honour of preparing a book for Verdi, has adhered to, and in what particulars departed from, history; and as in these matters the *Times* is a great authority, we quote the paragraph :—

"The author of the *libretto* has not altogether abandoned history, but he has treated it with a free hand. The action takes place during Attila's invasion of Italy, commencing immediately after the famous destruction of Aquileia—when the conqueror, having nearly abandoned his design against the devoted town, gathered fresh hopes from the flight of a stork, —convinced that a bird so much attached to man would not have quitted the place except in case of extremity. The *poeta* makes Odabella, the daughter of the lord of this place, who has been slain, the instrument of vengeance against Attila. Turning again to history, he borrows the fact that Attila, when meditating an attack upon Rome itself, was assailed by those superstitious terrors which Raffaele has immortalized. His sudden

alarm when a procession of Christian virgins, bearing palm branches, enters his tent, and he sees visionary forms warning him not to approach the Imperial City, produces the best situation, both musical and dramatic, in the piece, though it strongly resembles a scene in *Nabucco*. The ordinary history makes Attila die on the occasion of his marriage, by the bursting of a blood-vessel; but there is another statement, that he was killed by the hand and knife of a woman, and this the *poeta* has preferred. The avenger, Odabella, who lives in pretended amity with Attila—who saves him from being poisoned by her indignant lover, Foresto,—and who even marries him in the third act, stabs him in the last emergency; and his dying exclamation, "Et tu pure Odabella," is a kind of translation of "Et tu Brute." The *dramatis personæ* got out of the story are Attila (baritone), Odabella (soprano), Foresto (tenor), while another tenor is obtained in the person of the Roman general, Ezio (Altijs).

And now for the music, on which we shall waste as few words as possible.

The overture is a monotonous dirge, describing nothing at all, and consequently a fit prelude to what follows.

The prologue begins with a chorus "Upline, rapine," which in obedience to the character of the words—all about blood, murder, and rapine—is a quadrille tune, less lively than some of the choral *contredanses* in *Ernani*.

The next thing to be remarked, though not at all remarkable, is a cavatina for Odabella (Mdlle. Cruvelli), consisting of the usual two movements; the first an *aria*, "Allor chei forti corono," is commonplace; the second, a *cabaletta*, "Da te questo," is very commonplace. The whole is to be noted for the unwarrantable noisiness of the orchestration, and the unvoiced nature of the passages, which, nevertheless, Mdlle Cruvelli, who grows nightly in public estimation, sang with amazing energy; for such facility of execution, and such power and quality in her lower notes, we had scarcely given her credit. She won incessant applause, and an encore for the *cabaletta*, which was solely due to her unparalleled exertions in giving spirit and life to this inert and cadaverous matter; the applause Mdlle. Cruvelli repeatedly acknowledged by graceful and grateful salutations to her admirers; with the demand for repetition she wisely declined to comply.

What follows in the prologue is a duet for Ezio and Attila—tenor and bass—(Cuzzani and Belletti)—by no means so good as the "Dove vai," for similar voices, in Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. The duet comprises a solo for the tenor, which has neither character nor charm, a solo for the bass, which has neither character nor charm, and an *ensemble* or *stretto* for the two, which has neither character nor charm. As for the singers much praise is due to *them* for their laudable efforts. Cuzzani showed more voice and more energy than he has hitherto done, and Belletti's declamation gave a prominence to Verdi's ill-contrived phrases of which they were wholly undeserving.

The next thing to notice is a singularly incoherent orchestral symphony, avowedly an imitation of a storm, but assuredly like nothing in heaven or earth but itself, which is the most "unlikely noyse" (to borrow an epithet from *Morte Arthur*) that ever assailed the ears of an Opera habitué. Here, however, Mr. Marshall came to the rescue, with one of the best devised and most admirably-executed scenic effects we ever witnessed—the gradual cessation of the storm, as exhibited by the slow vanishing of the clouds, and the change from darkness to day. Nothing could have been happier, and most heartily did we join in the loud applause which acknowledged this new triumph of Mr. Lumpley's admirable scene-painter.

Poor Gardoni (Foresto), who was in fine voice, and looked the handsomest and best-favoured of Aquileians—though his nose is eminently Grecian—then came in for his share of the burden, which he bore with wonderful equanimity. This was

an air, "Fra le sue schiave" which is poor stuff, and a *cabaletta*, "Cara patria," which is poorer. The whole ends in sound and fury, signifying anything but what the words express—the lament of a brave citizen for the fate of his enslaved country. But Gardoni did his utmost, and by dint of capital singing, forced the applause from the audience, *à maintes reprises*. A short chorus, "Si dall' alghè," noisy but not otherwise noticeable, follows this and winds up the prologue.

Act the first contains (we must be brief) an air for Odabella, "Oh nel fuggente"—a piece of mawkish sentiment, made yet more sentimental by the *corno inglese*, (beautifully handled by M. Lavigne), first oboe, and which Mdle. Cruvelli sang so expressively, that we wished it had been better music; a duet, "Si quell' io son," for Odabella and Foresto—the air a fine specimen of maudlin, and the *cabaletta*, "O t'inebbria," a tremendous noise in unison—executed with such energy and passion by Cruvelli and Gardoni, that the audience encored the *cabaletta*; an air for Attila, "Mentre gonfiarsi l'anima," in which the Hunnish king describes his dream of an old man, to Uldino (Guidi, second tenor), his faithful slave, inflated and empty as music, but splendidly acted and sung by Belletti, who extricated himself with equal ability from the vulgar rant of the *cabaletta*. "Oltre quel limite," which followed; a chorus of druids, "Parla imponi," in which the brass orchestra is employed full swing—finitely noisier than all the choruses of *Norma*, supposing them to be executed all at the same time, and infinitely less pretty and melodious than any of them; a chorus of distant voices, "Vieni, le menti visita," without accompaniment—preceded by a flourish of trumpets, and harmonised, according to the book, in the sacred style, but really in no style at all; and what in extreme courtesy is termed a *FINALE*—consisting of a quantity of unconnected *remplissage*, wherein the orchestra commences sundry figures which are never perfected into a phrase; a fragment of Attila's *dream-scena*, which Verdi evidently looks upon with a loving eye; and a choral wind up, "Sordo ai lamenti" (as though any one could be deaf to such cries), which acts as a dull frame-work to a duller picture. This is developed in the form of a trio and chorus of virgins, "O dell' Eterno," the solo parts allotted to Leone (Solari)—the "Roman old man," who afflicts Attila in visions—Odabella, and her lover, Foresto. The curtain falls upon an intolerable hubbub of voices and musical instruments.

The second act—but let us breathe awhile, ere we once more commit ourselves to the embraces of M. Verdi's muse.

The second act includes a dull air for Ezio, "Dagli immortali vertici," interrupted by some *remplissage*, and resumed by a *cabaletta* of the vulgarest character, "E gettata la mia sorte"—into which we are bound to say Cuzzani infused a warmth and energy unusual in the interpretation of such inanimate frivolities, winning much applause well deserved; a chorus of priestesses, "Chi dona luce il cor?"—a kind of insipid *bacchante*, in which the wood instruments figure with conspicuous want of effect; and another *finale*, diffused into a quintet for the principals, "O sposa," chiefly remarkable for the temporary silence of the band—a rare event in Verdi's scores; a loud noise of brass—an event of frequent occurrence; an inflated *cabaletta*, "Oh miei prodi," for Attila; and a long roar of choral unison, accompanied by continued smashings in the orchestra—upon which the curtain happily falls, whereby a moment's relief is afforded.

Act the third is, luckily, very short. It involves an air

for Foresto, "Il di che brami"—less noisy than many in the opera, but not original; a trio, for Odabella, Foresto, and Ezio—chiefly to be noted for a harp arpeggio, which dates from the first harper that ever harped—helped out of insignificance by the fervid expression of Cruvelli, and the spirited singing of Gardoni and Cuzzani; a very *melo*—or better speaking, *undramatic* quartet, "Scellerati," (which sounds like a reproach from Attila to his comrades, for singing such a poor tune as the trio), wherein there occurs an *agitato* for Odabella—stale and common-place in itself, but providing a new occasion for shewing Mdle. Cruvelli's talent in making much out of nothing; some *remplissage* describing (*vide book*) "the sound of an unforeseen assault," the death of Attila by the hand of Odabella, &c.; and a noisy unmeaning chorus of "Roman soldiers, rushing in on all sides," which, to the words, "Appien sono, vendicati Dio, popoli e re!" prefaces and accompanies the fall of the curtain,—decidedly the happiest effect in the whole opera.

*Attila* has one merit, which we have found in no other of Verdi's operas; it is short—not sweet, certainly, but short—and that is much when Verdi is at work upon our ears. This does not remind us of an anecdote told of Spontini's *Olimpia*—an opera celebrated for noisy instrumentation, especially in the middle of the third act, where there are four-and-twenty trumpets, with drums and trumpets uncountable. A certain old gentleman, who inhabited Berlin, was afflicted with a deafness which the faculty had pronounced incurable. Doctor —, however, undertook his cure; and after two months of vain assiduity, gave it up as a bad job. But, as luck would have it, a friend of this Dr. — told him that a deaf person had been made to hear, by the instrumentation of Spontini's *Olimpia*, which determined the wily son of Æsculapius to try the process upon the ears of his patient. Accordingly he engaged a couple of stalls close to the orchestra. For the two first acts the deaf man evidenced no sign of emotion; but towards the middle of the third, when the four-and-twenty trumpets, &c., were in full play, a sudden gleam of his eye, and a start, betrayed that some sensation had affected him. Suddenly, at one of the most tremendous blasts, the patient turned round to the doctor, and exclaimed, with a shout of exultation, "Doctor! doctor!—I hear! I hear!" But the doctor made no remark. Whereupon the newly-cured patient shook him by the arm, to rouse him from his seeming apathy; but, after vain endeavours, the unconcerned look of the doctor helped to explain his case:—What had cured the patient had killed the doctor. The patient found his ears, but the doctor was struck deaf.

How much better this would apply to *Attila* than to *Olimpia*, those who have heard both, and have escaped deafness, can best determine.

To sum up, however, which we shall do in a few words:—*Attila* is the worst of all the operas by Verdi that, up to this moment, have been inflicted upon the English public. It is unnecessary to add any thing to this. Reader! imagine every possible fault in musical composition, and the absence of every possible merit—of beauty, grandeur, simplicity or cleanness—and you have *Attila*.

We must now render justice to the theatre and the artists. Mr. Lumley has been defended by the *Times* for producing Verdi's opera, on the grounds that he *must* have novelty, and that Verdi is the only popular Italian composer now constantly producing. The pretext is just, and we hasten to join with the *Times* in exonerating Mr. Lumley from blame. Moreover, we may add what the *Times* refrained from adding that Mr. Lumley purchases experience, and from all we know of him, he is not an unlikely man to profit by it.



Every possible pains was bestowed upon the production of the opera. Balfe had done wonders with the band, which could hardly have been more perfect or more full of zeal—while the chorus was unusually ready and efficient. How much rather would we see Balfe's energy and talent, and the exertions of his attentive and industrious followers, bestowed upon a better work—his own *Falstaff* for example, or a new opera from his pen. We hinted the possibility and the advisability of this, last year, and now we repeat the hint with increased earnestness.

By what we have already said, it will be seen that the singers—Mlle. Cruvelli, MM. Gardoni, Belletti, and Cuzzani—did their utmost for the opera, and it is not their fault if the critics and amateurs could not like it; they have at least raised their own fame, and enhanced the value of Mr. Lumley's troupe in the eyes of the *habitués* and the public. They were applauded vehemently, recalled at the conclusion, and well merited all the honours paid them.

Thursday was a long Thursday. The entertainment comprised *Attila*; a *Divertissement*, for Marie Taglioni, from *Corallia*; the second act of the *Barbiere*; and the new ballet *Florita*—in which, by the way, we never recollect Rosati to have danced more beautifully, or more completely to have captivated her admirers. The house was brilliantly attended.

*Attila* and *Florita* will be repeated to-night.

Coletti, the excellent barytone, has arrived, and will shortly appear in one of his favourite parts.

Carlotta Grisi is expected to-day. The *Diable à Quatre*, one of her most popular *balléts*, is preparing for her. The lovers of choregraphy could hardly be acquainted with a more welcome piece of intelligence. The charming *danseuse* is in excellent health, and her inimitable talent has never been so brilliantly demonstrated as in the last new ballet produced for her at the *Académie Royale* in Paris—*Les Cinq Sens*. Mr. Lumley intends, we believe, to produce this interesting novelty very soon.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*Tancredi* was repeated on Saturday and Tuesday with the ballet of *Follette*. Having had a better opportunity of testing the capabilities of the band and chorus, we are now better qualified to pronounce a decided opinion on their merits. The band appears to us greatly benefited by the alterations and additions made since last season. The defect of last year was the undue preponderance of the brass instruments. This has been remedied, and the tone is now wonderfully improved. The new disposition of the instruments is also an amelioration. In short, the Royal Italian Opera band is brought as near as possible to perfection, and may now be termed, without exaggeration, the first orchestral corps in Europe. The chorus also exhibits manifestations of improvement—we allude to the male voices, the females being yet to be heard—having been enlarged and modified during the recess. These voices come out magnificently in several parts of *Tancredi*, and are heard to especial advantage in the march and chorus, "Plaudite, O Popoli," and to still greater advantage in the chorus of warriors, "Regna il terror." A finer body of male voices was never heard in this country. To Signor Costa no small praise is due for the extreme judgment he has exhibited in selecting the members of his corps, and for his indefatigable exertions and the care he has bestowed to render them efficient at all points. In the provision of the choral members, M. Costa's experience has, no doubt, been made available. As far as we are able at present to judge, the band and male chorus of the Royal

Italian Opera are complete in every respect, and are worthy the reputation of the establishment. In *Tancredi* neither band nor chorus is tested to the utmost of its power, yet enough is indicated to assure us what both will prove in a grander opera.

The performance of Saturday calls for no particular remark, as nothing occurred which may not be found explained in our first article. Alboni was still labouring under that languor which was noticed by all the members of the press; and we learned for the first time that the great *contralto* had been afflicted with an affection of the throat, from which she had not then recovered. We candidly confess that on the opening night we could perceive no symptoms of malady, however slight; and knowing now, that some such malady *did* exist, it is a matter of perfect astonishment to us how Alboni sang as she did. But, if any further proof were wanting that Alboni was on Thursday night labouring under such an affliction as we heard reported, her singing on Tuesday must have acted as "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," that she was not herself on the previous evenings. Her singing on Tuesday equalled, if it did not surpass, all her former efforts at the Royal Italian Opera. Pasta herself never gave the opening recitative with more fullness and largeness of style; while the *aria*, "Di tanti palpiti," was rendered with such irreproachable taste, such gentle fervor—how unlike the insipidity of the first performance—with so much dramatic feeling and such immense energy, as to place the singer before us in a new light altogether. The result was inevitable. The *aria* was encored in a hurricane of applause, and was repeated with increased effect. Those who had been present on the opening night of the Royal Italian Opera could not help remarking the wonderful improvement in Alboni; and she was indeed no longer the same person. Throughout the opera the restoration of her powers was manifested, and from beginning to end her singing was one series of most brilliant successes. We ourselves, who heard her on the first night with feelings of disappointment, and without experiencing the least emotion, were absolutely touched to the very quick by her singing on Tuesday. Never did her voice come home to our hearts more nearly, or more dearly. Alboni reinstated herself in our estimation to the full, and, perhaps, became all the brighter for her previous dimness.

From what we have said of the great *contralto*, it must not be inferred that we have altered our opinion as to the fitness of Alboni to represent the hero of Rossini's opera. We acknowledge that she evinced a very remarkable degree of dramatic power and energy in her last performance; we will also accede that she betokened a sympathy with the part of *Tancredi* in its pathos, its love, and its melancholy; we will likewise allow that she produced a great effect—perhaps, greater than Malibran, or Pauline Garcia produced—nevertheless, we hold by the position expressed in our first article on her performance, that on the whole, she is not suited to the character. It is not enough that Alboni should produce a *great* effect—she should produce nothing less than the *greatest*. Of course, in speaking of effects, we allude to that produced on the mass of the audience, which is certainly not without its significance, and is a standard by which all dramatic powers may be tested. Were we merely to consider our own opinions as to Alboni's merits in *Tancredi*, we should be inclined to rank her higher than in any other performance in which she has yet appeared. Although her dramatic capabilities may not provide the peculiar individualities required in *Tancredi*, (we are referring to our own sentiments), her singing throughout is so exquisitely

beautiful; her feeling, in the more tender portions, so truthfully depicted; her expression so pure and so natural, and her whole art so finely illustrated, without trick or charlatany, that we almost feel as though Tancredi were the singer's *chef-d'œuvre*, and that all she had previously done fell short of the performance. But we respect too much the general opinion to permit ourselves to be led away by mere self-sentiments, and shall not insist upon this view of Alboni's Tancredi. We have another notion on the subject. It is this;—that the part of Tancredi is dramatically worthless, and that Pasta, when she made it great, must (as Rachel has done with *Amenaide*, the heroine) have created the character from her own genius, not given us Voltaire's and Rossini's. But let that pass.

On Tuesday last, Persiani appeared labouring under a cold, and did not sing with the same brilliancy she did on the two previous performances. Luigi-Mei was decidedly better, and Polonini sang as carefully and as efficiently as ever. The theatre, both on Saturday and Tuesday, was crowded with fashionables and amateurs.

On Tuesday the *Lucia* will be produced, when Corradi-Setti, the much talked-of barytone, and a new tenor from the Scala, called Paglieri, whose coming was unnoticed in the prospectus, will make their first appearance in this country. A Signor Soldi, a new bass, will also appear for the first time. Persiani, of course, will perform the heroine.

#### RUBINI.

(From the Morning Post.)

By letters received from a relative of Rubini, our hopes that he would come to England receive confirmation. The following letter he received a fortnight since, from the Russian Minister of State, Prince Volkonsky:—

"Sir,—I have the honour to announce to you that his Majesty the Emperor, desiring to present you with a testimony of his high consideration, has deigned to confer upon you a medal of honour, encircled with diamonds, to be worn round the neck, suspended by a ribbon, it being the Imperial Order of St. André.

"Accept, Sir, with my sincere felicitations for this just distinction accorded to your admirable talent, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

"The Minister of the Emperor's Household.

"PRINCE VOLKONSKY."

[This is a singular species of ratiocination, even for the *Post*; how the letter of Prince Volkonsky confirms the *Post*'s hopes of Rubini's advent here, the *Post* may be able to explain; we give it up in despair.—Ed. M. W.]

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

On Wednesday *St. Paul* was given at Exeter Hall by this society.

Such a work as this oratorio, which at once placed Mendelssohn on a level with the greatest masters who have grappled with the loftiness of sacred subjects, would, it might have been thought, require the most complete and powerful of interpretations. Nor, should it seem, ought the Sacred Harmonic Society, with its huge orchestra and chorus, to have been incapable of affording the genius of the composer the support of such an interpretation. But there is an antique Toryism of character about this society, which, it would appear, nothing can overcome. Reform and revolution pass over the earth—thrones are destroyed and Republics rise from the ruins—Free Trade brushes out the Corn Laws, and Criticism puts an extin-

guisher on Verdi, but the Sacred Harmonic Society budes not. Where it once was, it remains—an exponent of the *Messiah* and a tongue for the *Creation* alone, as if these two works, transcendent as they are, contained the whole of sacred music worthy of that toil which is the parent of perfection. It is almost a blasphemy to hear the divine labours of such men as Haydn, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, put forward with so little reverence as they indisputably are, and with half of their more subtle beauties marred by the slovenliness and want of care with which the works that contained them have been attempted. A radical vice must exist somewhere in a Society which, with means so ample at its command for furthering the development of English music by putting forward the larger and more splendid examples of serious compositions in the most perfect manner of which they are capable, renders itself amenable to the reproach we are obliged to urge against it. Whether indifference on the part of the directors to the character of the works the Society professes to execute, inappreciation of their more refined excellences, or a defective constitution as regards the material necessities of their representation, be the cause, we will not pretend to decide; but certain it is that with an immensely powerful chorus and a most numerous orchestra, training, change, or reconstruction, are one or all requisite to ensure the perfect performance of such works as the *St. Paul* and the *Elijah*.

In spite of the general roughness and slovenliness of manner, some portions of the *St. Paul*, however, were strikingly given on Wednesday last. Such was the Chorus in E flat, "Happy and blest are they who endure," and the fine fugued chorus, "Is this he?" Scarcely less excellent was "Oh, be gracious, ye immortals"—in our general praise of which we pause to note the neatness with which the flute gave its *obligato* passages. In contrast, however, to this we cannot but point out the want of good-fellowship between the basses and the orchestra, in "How deep and unerring," the occasionally undue prominence given to the organ in some of the *chorales*, and the want of firmness and decision shown in the chorus, "Stone him to death." We mention this, not so much for the sake of pointing out individual faults, as for the purpose of justifying our general change against the Society of not treating such a work as the *St. Paul* with the reverence it ought to command.

The solo singers were Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Smithson, Phillips, and Novello. Miss Birch sang with her usual beauty and freshness, and displayed a larger amount of energy than she commonly does. Miss Dolby used her magnificent *contra'to* voice in the most unexceptionable manner. With the exception of one cadence out of place the bass of Mr. Philips did its work superbly, and Mr. Lockey would have earned an *encore* in the second part but that *encores* are, we trust, once and for all abolished by the printed circular of the society, which is evidence of a marked progress in the path of common sense and wisdom. D. R.

#### ARISTOTLE ON POETRY.

NEWLY TRANSLATED, FROM THE EDITION OF F. RITTER.

(Continued from Page 164.)

#### CHAPTER XV.

I. WITH respect to the characters four things should be had in view, of which the first and principal is that they should be good. Characters arise, as has been said, when a speech or an action renders manifest some predilection, which, if it be good, the person is good. This takes place in every class; for even a woman and a slave may be good, although

perhaps of these the former class is inferior to the male, and the latter altogether bad.

II. Secondly, characters should be fitting. There is such a thing as a valiant character, but it is not fitting for a woman to be valiant and fierce.

III. Thirdly, manners must be similar; (a) for this is different from making a character good and fitting, as has been said.

IV. Fourthly, consistency is to be observed, for even if he who gives a subject for imitation should be inconsistent, and supply a character of the sort, it ought to be consistently inconsistent.

V. There is an example of unnecessary wickedness of character in Menelaus, in the tragedy of Orestes, of a want of propriety and fitness in the lamentation of Ulysses in the Scylla, and the speech of Melanippe (b), and of the inconsistent in Iphigenia at Aulis; for the supplicating Iphigenia is not at all like the one at the conclusion.

VI. But it is necessary, both in the characters and in the composition of the incidents, always to seek the necessary or the probable, so that it shall be necessary or probable for such and such a person to say or to do such and such things, and necessary or probable for this event to happen after that.

VII. Hence it is evident that also the solutions of fables ought to proceed from the fable itself, and not as in the Medea from a machine, nor as those things in the Iliad, which relate to the departure of the Greeks. But machinery is to be used upon those incidents, which lie beyond the compass of the drama, or those which occurred previously, and which it was impossible for man to know, or those which occur afterwards, and which require prediction and announcement. For we allow the gods to see everything. And there ought to be nothing absurd in the incidents, or if there be it ought to occur without the limits of the tragedy, as in the Oedipus of Sophocles (c).

VIII. Since tragedy is an imitation of superior persons, we ought to follow the example of good painters. For these giving the proper form and producing a resemblance, make their figures more beautiful than the original. Thus also the poet, when imitating the irascible and indolent, and persons having such peculiarities of character, ought to make them good, as Agatho and Homer have represented Achilles.

IX. These things ought to be observed, and also the sensations which, besides those that are necessary, accompany poetry (d). For even with this it is often possible to err. But enough has been said of them in books already published.

#### NOTES BY THE TRANSLATOR.

(a) Similar to what? Ritter does not reject this chapter as spurious; but considering it unworthy of Aristotle in its present form, supposes that it is an epitome by a recent writer of the actual words of the philosopher. The "similarity" referred to, is neither explained here, nor is it illustrated in Sec. V., and it seems that the real fourth precept is that set forth in Sec. VI.

(b) Of the Scylla, nothing is known; but fragments of the Melanippe of Euripides are extant. Melanippe having two children, the fruits of a secret amour with Neptune, hides them in her father's cow-house. The father finding them, supposes them to be a monstrous offspring of his own, and orders them to be burned. Melanippe, wishing to save them without confessing the truth, enters into a long argument on the principles of the philosopher Anaxagoras, to convince her father that the children might be the natural offspring of his own. The impropriety of which Aristotle complains in this disgusting fable is simply that of putting a philosophical speech in the mouth of a woman.

(c) The absurdity to which Aristotle alludes is supposed to be the inquiry which Oedipus makes concerning the death of Laius, many years after it has occurred.

(d) The "extras" probably comprise the dancing, &c.

#### SONNET.

NO. LXXIV.\*

THERE are some moments when all faith seems lost,  
When the whole world formless and planless seems,  
When all events—as in the wildest dreams—  
Causeless appear, through hideous chaos tost;  
Then reason's light is but an empty boast  
O'er the abyss but luridly it gleams;  
There is a night impervious to its beams,—  
A chasm, which by no lustre can be cross'd.  
Give me some faith, either in earth or heav'n;  
Let me but find one mental resting-place,  
That I may say, "This—this can be believ'd;—  
There is one single smile by one heart giv'n;  
That love speaks truly from one single face!"  
Yea, let me trust—although I be deceiv'd.

N. D.

NO. LXXVII.

Leave me not, Hope, but shed thy gentlest ray  
With its reviving pow'r upon my track;  
Streak the horizon, that though night be black,  
I still may not despair of coming day.  
Yet flatter not with any false display,  
For disappointment is the soul's worst rack.  
Mildly invite, that I may ne'er look back;  
But dazzle not, to lead my steps astray.  
I would be hoping—yet I would be calm.  
Why do I feel the wish, e'er yet express'd,  
With'r'ing, as if in mock'ry on my lip?  
Oh! can indifference be the only balm  
That will appease the torments of the breast?  
Can the soul find no solace but in sleep?

N. D.

\* NOTE.—This Sonnet is re-printed on account of an error which occurred when it was first published, and which destroyed the rhyme of the ninth and twelfth lines—ED. M. W.

#### DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

OLYMPIC.—The *Merchant of Venice* was produced on Monday evening to exhibit Mr. Brooke in a fourth Shaksperian character in London. The play is almost a novelty at our principal metropolitan theatres, but few actors of late years having the hardihood or the desire to appear in it. The character of Shylock, nevertheless, affords great scope to an artist of ability and power, and is, besides, one of the most intense, if not one of the profoundest of the author's creations. The drama is most admirable in point of construction, the two plots being complicated with great ingenuity and felicity. The poetry contains some of Shakspeare's most honied sweets. It is unnecessary to remind the reader of these; we have, however, something to say concerning one of the most frequently quoted passages from the *Merchant of Venice*, which we trust, on perusal, will be found fraught with no small amusement. The passage in question is the well known one, commencing,

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds" &c.

Our readers, no doubt, have heard talk of Shakspeare's commentators in general, and among them of Steevens in particular. This man had certainly one necessary ingredient of a commentator—indefatigability. We doubt if he had another. He had neither the learning of Warburton, the judgment of Theobald, the poetical taste of Pope, the reverence of Rowe, (no great reverence, in all conscience), the critical acumen of Johnson, the modesty of Tyrwhitt and Henley, the reasoning of Farmer, the enthusiasm of Hawkins, nor the perseverance of Malone. He was yet, perhaps, the most voluminous of all Shakspeare's annotators, and is the one, at



the present day, whose criticisms and strictures command the least respect. On the above passage, which Warburton lauds most highly, Steevens delivers himself of the following sentiments:—

"This passage, which is neither pregnant with physical or moral 'ruth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has constantly joyed the good fortune to be repeated by those whose inhospitable memories would have refused to admit or retain any other sentiment or description of the same author, however exalted or just. The truth is, that it furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcomb in musick, with an invective against such as do not pretend to discover all the various powers of language in articulate sounds.\*\*\* Our ancient statutes have often received their best comment by means of reference to the particular occasion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakspeare's seeming partiality to this amusement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his gentleman only to be able 'to sing his part sure, and at first sight, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute,'\*\*\* Let not, however, this capricious sentiment of Shakspeare descend to posterity, unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Chesterfield on the same subject. In his 148th letter to his son, who was then at Venice, his lordship, after having enumerated music among the illiberal pleasures, adds,—'If you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I must insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous contemptible light: brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth.' Again, Letter 153,—'A taste of sculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry, the latter with nothing that I know of, but bad company.' Again, 'Painting and sculpture are very justly called liberal arts; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of music, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country."

What think our readers of this? Chesterfield and Shakspeare placed in juxtaposition—Shakspeare and Chesterfield placed in the same balance, and Shakspeare found wanting—the attenuated and ill-considered dicta of a lordly Beau Nash, a courtly Simpson, a self-constituted moral man-milliner, preferred to the largely-viewed and well-weighed considerations of the poet of all nature! That such a literary Musæus—so petty an Aristarchus, should move us is strange indeed—but we are naturally sore on musical matters. If this silly Sir Oracle of the Muses entertained no reverence for Shakspeare, had he no regard for the opinions of the serious and severe Milton, not to mention all the poets antecedent to his time, who made glorious note of the heavenliest of all the Sisters nine? What says the author of *Comus* of the power of music:—

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
To testify his hidden residence."

Again—

"At last a soft, a solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich-distill'd perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more  
Still, to be so displaced. I was all ear  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of death."

In Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* we have the following lines illustrative of the power of the human voice in singing:—

"Heaven's tones  
Strike not such harmony to immortal souls,  
As your accordance sweets my breast withal."

But perhaps the most fanciful exemplification of the power of music that occurs in the whole range of poetry is found in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, where Menaphon relates to his friend, Amethus, an incident of which he was the witness during his travels in Greece. Menaphon thus nar. rates it:—

"One morning early  
This accident encountered me: I heard  
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,  
That art and nature ever were at strife in."

*Amet.* I cannot yet conceive what you infer  
By art and nature.

*Men.* I shall soon resolve you.  
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather  
Indeed, entranced my soul. As I stole nearer,  
Invited by the melody, I saw  
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,  
With strange variety and harmony,  
Proclaiming, as it were, so bold a challenge  
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,  
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,  
Wondering at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

*Amet.* And so do I; good! on—

*Men.* A nightingale,  
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes  
The challenge, and for every several strain  
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;  
He could not run divisions with more art  
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,  
The nightingale, did with her various notes  
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,  
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe  
That such they were, than hope to hear again:

*Amet.* How did the rivals part?

*Men.* You term them rightly;  
For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.  
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last  
Into a pretty anger, that a bird  
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,  
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:  
To end the controversy, in a rapture  
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,  
So many voluntaries, and so quick,  
That there was curiosity and cunning,  
Concord in discord, tones of differing method  
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

*Amet.* Now for the bird.

*Men.* The bird ordain'd to be  
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate  
These several sounds: which when her warbling throat  
Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,  
And brake her heart."

Query—did the sapient Steevens ever read Milton, Ford, or Marston; or, if he did, did he note the above passages; or, noting them, could he have felt their beauty and their truth? No; the commentator was as devoid of poetry as he was of music; and it must have been to such as he that Sir Philip Sydney refers in his "Defence of Poesie," when he says—"But if you be born so near the dull-making Cataract of the Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetrie; if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look into the skie of poetrie," &c. &c. &c. And assuredly the *Poecide* must have been nurtured in the very

caverns of Nilus. But enough of this; our eagerness has carried us into an extravagantly long digression, and we must needs pause to remit something of our warmth.

Of Mr. Brooke's Shylock we have little to say, and that little is not very favourable. He appears to us, either through desire of being considered original, or from an incompetency to understand or appreciate the author, to take an entirely different view of the character from all his great predecessors. But Mr. Brooke's notion of the character is not only at variance with the conception of Macklin, of Cooke, of Kean, and of Kemble, all of whom differed in some respects from each other, but it violates the purpose of the poet, as the most careless reader of Shakspeare must perceive when he beholds the performance. A well-taught schoolboy at Midsummer examination, would have drawn down the censure of his companions had he delivered Shylock's speech to Antonio as Mr. Brooke did—we mean the speech beginning—

"Signor Antonio, many a time and oft, &c."

The whole tenor of this speech implies a desire on the part of Shylock to sum up his grievances and sufferings, that he might make his merit of lending the money greater. The tone used, therefore, should be one more in sorrow than in anger, or else the poet's meaning is frustrated, and the truth of the character belied. Every line proves that Shylock addresses Antonio without anger or apparent malevolence.

"Yet have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."

Would the Jew then, who makes a boast of his endurance under actual infliction and insult, rave and grow furious while summing up the list of what he had undergone, when a show of anger was not merely of no advantage, but directly opposed to his purpose? Shylock's very words of themselves indicate the spirit in which they should be given.

"Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,  
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
Say this—Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;  
You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
You called me—dog; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much monies."

And still further, to demonstrate that they should be delivered with "bated breath and whispering humbleness," when Antonio rejoins in an angry tone—

"I am as like to call thee so again—  
To spit on thee again—to spurn thee too—"

what is the Jew's answer?—

"Why, look you, how you storm;  
I would be friends with you, and have your love."

After what we have adduced, the reader will agree with us in pronouncing that actor mistaken who would rant and bellow through the whole of the speech, as though he were infuriated by the most violent fit of passion. And just so did Mr. Brooke deliver it, which proves to us that this gentleman reads Shakspeare with little discrimination, and to little purpose. But not here alone was the actor faulty; the whole purpose of the character of Shylock and its intensity escaped his hands. We in vain looked for that hypocritical plausibility, that deep malevolence, latent at first, and afterwards so sudden and terrible in its manifestation, with which we are wont to invest the Shylock of Shakspeare. We saw no evidence of the under current of passion in Mr. Brooke's performance. We missed the art within art—the assumption of

an assumption—which is the directest proof of genius in acting. But of this higher quality of the histrionic art Mr. Brooke has not an atom. In every subsequent character of Shakspeare we find him less a master of his craft. Nature has gifted him with good physical powers and qualities, but she has lighted no torch within his breast. His Shylock is decidedly the most incompetent of the performances he has yet given us, and we shall not analyze it further than we have done. It is possible Mr. Brooke may have attempted Shylock on Monday last for the first time, if so, we would feel inclined to qualify our censure. We are led to think that Mr. Brooke's performance was a first essay, as he scarcely gave two consecutive lines of the author correctly. Indeed, in one or two instances, this deviation from the text rendered the poetry nonsense; as, for example—

"Fast bind, fast find—  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind;"

was made—

"Fast find, fast bind," &c.

Mr. Brooke's scene in the court was certainly the best in his performance. It was conceived in a judicious spirit, and was rendered without effort, or a striving after effect. His face, however, is devoid of varied expression, and in attempting to exhibit the diabolical malevolence of the Jew's feeling at the moment, he failed to convey any idea of the terrible or the vengeful. The piece was got up in a very indifferent manner. The actors appeared to know little of their parts, and, on one occasion, the play came to a direct stand still. In the third act, where Shylock enters to Salanio and Salarino, both the latter gentlemen, from some wrong word given, or some other error, left the stage, cutting off the finest scene for Shylock in the whole play. Mr. Brooke walked up and down the stage for some time strangely surprised, not knowing what to do, the audience remaining the while in a state of profound ignorance. At last Mr. Salanio came on and said it was none of his fault, whereupon the audience responded vociferously and cried "of course not." Then appeared Mr. Salarino, and said it was not only not his fault, but that it was Mr. Brooke's—that gentleman not having given him his cue. Mr. Brooke during the whole time displayed the most admirable taste, and deported himself like a thorough gentleman and a true artist under the circumstances. We are inclined to think that Mr. Brooke was not the erring person—but this makes neither for nor against the actor. *The Merchant of Venice* will not prove a successful production for the Olympic management. Its performance requires a better company than that at present congregated in Wych-street; and still more, the principal character is not so ably represented by the primary star as those of other plays lately produced, and cannot, therefore, be supposed to have any lasting attraction.

On Tuesday the *Hunchback* was played, and introduced a *debutante*, as Julia, to the London boards. Miss Marie Duret has obtained no mean share of provincial reputation, which, from what we witnessed on Tuesday night, seems to be not entirely undeserved. Miss Duret is prepossessing in appearance and easy in deportment. She is a careful artiste, and is neither devoid of power nor energy. Some of her scenes were excellently played, and drew down great applause. Mr. G. V. Brooke performed Master Walter better than we have seen it performed for some time, and made the part highly effective. Miss Kate Howard played Helen with much *naïveté* and vivacity, and Mr. H. Holl could have played Sir Thomas Clifford if he did not effectually frustrate all nature's endeavours in his favour,



A new farce, entitled the *Bed-room Window*, by Edward Stirling, has also been produced. The principal parts were supported by Mr. Lysander, Thompson, Miss Hamilton, Messrs. Kinloch and Buxton, all of whom did full justice to the polished humour and telling style of the author. The principal solutions of the piece were in the hands of the first-named artist, who in no small degree contributed to the triumphant success of one of the very best farces of the season.

**STRAND.**—Mr. Oxberry has assumed the reins of government of this theatre, and having engaged most of the singers late of the Surrey operatic corps, has commenced giving operas in due form. *The Daughter of the Regiment* has been produced, with Mr. Donald King as Tonio, Mr. Borrani as the Sergeant, and Miss Poole as Maria. A small, but effective band and chorus, under the able and experienced direction of Mr. Tully, materially adds to the strength of the musical department. Miss Poole made so decided a hit in Maria at the Surrey theatre during Mr. Bunn's management, that she invariably went under the cognomen of the Surrey Jenny Lind, a *soubriquet* not conferred without some entitlement, as her performance of that favourite part was really capital. Mr. Oxberry has likewise procured a ballet troupe, so that the Strand theatre may now be called a miniature opera house. The theatre is favourable situated, and if well conducted, will, we think, prove no indifferent speculation. Mr. Oxberry has commenced well, and has done wisely by providing an excellent native operatic company. We fancy it would be worth his while to get up some English operas, and leave the Italian to the larger establishments. He should not provoke rivalry even on a small scale.

Two new farces, *The Crumleses, or a Rehearsal Rehearsed*, and *The Lost Letter*, have also been produced, and to judge by the continued laughter of the audience, with the utmost success. The great variety of the entertainments can hardly fail to ensure public support.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor* has been produced here. This is decidedly the most popular of all the author's comedies, and since it was revived about twenty years ago, has had such a run in public favor, that any detail of it now would be superfluous. The play has far less wit and sentiment in it than most of Shakspeare's comedies—it is in fact an incarnation of broad humour and robust animal spirits; and to these qualities it chiefly owes its popularity. We are told by the commentators that *Falstaff* has never yet found a fit representative. Be this as it may, Mr. Phelps's delineation certainly comes nearer to the poet's ideal, than any we have for some time witnessed and is moreover completely original. Where all is so careful, it is almost invidious to name particular passages. Perhaps the quarrel with Pistol ending with the famous remonstrance—"Reason, you rogue, Reason,—dost think I will endanger my soul gratis?" was his best point. His banter, however, of "The poor cuckoldy Knave," Ford, and his adventures in the basket should not be omitted. The piece has been put on the stage in the style of excellence which the public have now come to consider as a matter of course at this establishment. An oversight has, however, been committed in the appointments, for, while the dresses are of the reign of Henry the Fourth, the date of the action of the piece, the scenery is of the Elizabethan era. A scene of the outside of Page's house, another, of the principal street in Windsor, and a third, of the Park with Herne's Oak, by moonlight, are not only excellent in design and execution, but interesting as memorials of the time to which they refer. The acting, down to the most

subordinate parts, was unusually good. Nothing could be more apt than Mr. Marston's Ford. Mr. Mellon was excellent as "Mine Host of the Garter," although there was no reason why he should walk about as if he had no joints in his knees, nor do we see any warrant in the text for the gallant Corporal Nym's speaking through his nose. Miss Cooper and Mrs. Marston were the merry wives, and laughed, and made the audience roar heartily at the unwieldy victim of their humour. Mr. Scharf's Master Slender was admirable. The play was received with the most unequivocal signs of approval by a well-filled, though not a crowded house.

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—*La Pêche aux Beaux Pères* is the only novelty since our last; it is a charming and lively vaudeville, simple in its construction, and sufficiently diversified with incident to sustain the interest to the end without flagging for an instant. The story turns on the manoeuvres of a certain Olgar Berniquet, in order to mend his shattered fortunes by a rich marriage, which he calls fishing for a father-in-law; he baits his hook, watches his victim with a wary eye, and at last, by dint of troubling the water, succeeds in hooking a gudgeon, Camus de Montgerbaut, a rich provincial landed proprietor. On the other side we have a young and interesting person, by name Dorothee, who by dint of perseverance, zeal, probity, and self-sacrifices, has succeeded in getting her young master through all his difficulties, in saving his banking establishment from bankruptcy, and in forcing him to start afresh on his own account. Dorothee refuses her young master's hand, sacrifices her own love to his welfare, counteracts the intrigues of Berniquet, or rather makes him serve as an instrument for the furtherance of her plans, and eventually succeeds in bringing about a marriage between Fabien d'Arcy and Caroline de Montgerbaut. The part of Dorothee is a most pleasing one, and was charmingly played by Mlle. Nathalie; she threw an interest, a pathos into it which told admirably; her suffering, her devotion, her love and self-denial were portrayed with the nicest discrimination and judgment, and won for her the most unbounded applause. M. Cartigny was perfection as the father-in-law; the scene in which he discovers that he has been ridiculed and hounded by Olgar was richly humorous; his anger drew down shouts of laughter. M. Jossel was also quite in his element; his description of the process of hooking his victims was well told, and his discomfiture exceedingly ludicrous. We call attention to the benefit of Mlle. Nathalie, which takes place on Wednesday next; we have no doubt that the public, whom she has so entirely captivated by her varied and talented acting, will not fail to show their appreciation of her merits. J. DE C—.

#### TESTIMONIAL TO MENDELSSOHN.

THE Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society having taken up this matter in a praiseworthy and energetic manner, has issued a circular, in which, after announcing that the subscriptions received already have amounted to £370, calls upon those interested to send in their donations, as it is desirous of ascertaining to how much the receipts will amount. We are grieved to say, that a spur like this is necessary on such an occasion; but we have little doubt, when the statement of the committee is publicly known, that those who hold back will come forward and offer their mite. We therefore put forth a hand to aid the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society in its worthy task. The memory of Mendelssohn cannot be permitted to pass away like an idle dream; and now that the opportunity is afforded us, we call upon all true musicians, and all lovers of the art, to come forth and

subscribe to the testimonial. The list of present subscribers is numerous, and contains some splendid donations. Her Majesty has given £50., the Sacred Harmonic and Philharmonic Societies £50 each, and others £10 and £5. Our readers are aware that the money subscribed, and to be subscribed, will be applied to the erecting of a monument, or other suitable memorial of Mendelssohn's genius, in some appropriate public building in London. The site has yet to be fixed upon; but that is an after consideration. Three or four hundred pounds is but a small sum towards erecting a monument to the memory of the greatest of modern composers; and it would be a lasting disgrace to England should she exhibit tardiness in paying tribute to him whose immortal genius was exerted so conspicuously in her honour.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

NO. VI.

Keen to cut, is wanton word;  
Truth is mail, as well as sword.

Blindness twins with anger still;  
Truth is one of eye and will.

Slip will follow hard on wrong;  
Truth is sure of foot, and strong.

Meek of heart may go astray;  
Truth treads straight upon its way.

Ever, fear has restless sight;  
Truth looks neither left nor right.

Shield of love is never frail;  
Truth is sword as well as mail.

C. R.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JENNY LIND, ALBONI, ETC., ETC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—A visit to the country, a severe attack of influenza, and a desire to do that justice to your correspondent which he has not the grace or courtesy to afford me, have prevented an earlier reply to E. D. C.'s letter.

The "Jenny Lind paragraphs" were perfectly true and legitimate, based on positive and indisputable facts. They regularly appeared in the Stockholm journals, and were faithfully transcribed to our own. The testimonials I can, with others, verify, from actual touch and sight, and the very brief remarks made on the comparative success of Lind's Norma, and Alboni's Rosina, present the only features worthy of argument; especially as your polite and ready insertion of my letter was a proof of great impartiality, and at once destroyed the "seeming" bias or partisanship I had attributed to the *Musical World*. That my letter was "grandiloquent" in the extreme to the eye and comprehension of your would-be if-he-could-be facetious correspondent, I can have no manner of doubt of, and would thank him for the naive admission, had he not so "daintily" set before me his admirably concocted dish of "jolly greens," and other absurdities which preclude the necessity. I give him joy of the expletives he so felicitously rejoices in. Would that I could compliment him upon the choice! I have not the pleasure of his letter before me, but I remember something about "Lind maniac," "Hanwell Asylum," "Caesar's wife," "Mount Olympus," "his own wife's last year's bonnet," (God help the better-half alluded to if not sadder, and wiser than E. D. C.!) and the rude and personal attack on the fair and talented artiste, whose "sex should be her shield." Great and extraordinary as was her success, it never did, nor ever will raise, or depress the merits of a great and worthy rival, except when applied by unworthy agents, alike prejudicial to art and artists. "Ogni medaglio ha il suo reverso." If E. D. C. had not been hood-winked, or blinded by Lind-phobia, he would have perceived that I was antagonistical only to that which sought to elevate, or unfairly advocate, one thing to the injury of another. More than this I meant not, or aspired to. It was honest, and well-meant, however imperfectly conveyed; as well for art, and as for artists. For this, I feel convinced the worthy and talented editors of the *Musical World* will give me ample credit. A word or two on "flowers of rhetoric."

Flowers of rhetoric, and ornaments of style, consist of select and elegant expressions, intending to confer strength and beauty to language, thus rendering more vivid and strong the impressions meant to be conveyed. How far E. D. C. has succeeded with his "flowers," I submit to the judgment of your numerous readers. Ornaments of style may be said to be the language of imagination,—yet, are they often the language of necessity. Tropes do but multiply words; the principal of which I need not tell so accomplished a master of the art as yourself, Mr. Editor, are metonymy, metaphor, allegory, allusion, irony, and hyperbole. Blair, in his admirable essays (and which, with unaffected sincerity, I recommend, in conjunction with Chesterfield, to E. D. C.'s serious perusal) says, "Metaphors ought to be far-fetched, nor should they be taken from objects, mean, disgusting, or vulgar, as they invariably debase, instead of exalting their subjects." This applies equally to those who so abuse them. I meant no attack on the transcendent qualities of Alboni, nor did I attempt to afford any extraneous support to those powers so wonderfully conceded to Lind. When E. D. C. again buckles on cuirass, helmet, shield, and rapier, mounts his Rozinante, and armed at all points for attack, rushes full tilt against the windmill and sails of possibility, he may expect the fate of the "Knight of the woeful countenance!" "Our Alboni!" says he, "must be like Caesar's wife, free from taint, or suspicion of failure." And yet the events of last week in the advent of his idol, prove his reliance to be that of a rope of sand. I yield to no one living in admiration of the varied and innumerable excellencies of Alboni's performances. She is one of the most accomplished singers in Europe; and the union of dramatic excellence with that of vocal, are indispensable to form a great artist. The "voce declamatorio" of a *contralto* is circumscribed. I am either right or wrong in this. "The genius of a musician," says Rousseau, "submits the universe to his art. He paints objects to sounds. He gives a language to silence itself. He renders ideas by sentiments, sentiments by accents, and the passions he represents are drawn from the recesses of the heart." Admit this, and how vast, how great must be the requisites to the exponents of such musicians as Handel, Paisiello, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Rossini, and Mendelssohn. I have done. I have attempted to exhibit the feelings of a just and true artist, whether pictorial, vocal, or dramatic, and of one who is never more happy when being, however remote or humble, the means of dispelling, as far as lies in his power, that prejudice which is the besetting sin of professional influence—detraction.

I am ever faithfully yours,

WILLIAM ASPULL.

March 13th, 1848.

[We are delighted to give our worthy correspondent an opportunity of defending himself, and cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the appositeness with which the inimitable Jean Jacques is brought to testify to the solidity and unanswerableness of his logic. The question is surely now at rest. E. D. C. has not a foot to stand upon.—Ed. M. W.]

### CASTS OF TANCREDI.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your report of "Tancredi" in your last number, you say in 1837, Amenaide was played by Albertazzi. Should it not be Giannoni, of the Opera Buffa Company, Lyceum Theatre? Again in 1841, Argirio was played by Flavio, not Mario. I think reference to the papers of those dates will prove that I am correct. With apology for thus troubling you,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Liverpool, 15th March, 1848.

J. G.

[We doubt that our correspondent is right, but we shall consult the authorities. Meanwhile, our best thanks for his attention.—Ed. M. W.]

### A MUSICAL SWINDLER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I deem it right to inform you that a most rascally trick was played the week before last, by a fellow calling himself *Vaudrey*, but whose real name is *Venua*—not a son of the respected professor at Reading. This worthy took the Portsmouth theatre for the purpose of giving a concert on Friday evening, for which he engaged Signor and Madame F. Lablache, Miss Poole, Miss Messent, Mr. J. B. Chatterton, M. Prospere, and Mr. G. Kiallmark, all of whom attended; and the concert, which was extremely well attended, went off with the greatest *éclat*.

But, while the performance was going on, the swindler decamped with the whole of the receipts, and left his dupes to find their way back to London as best they might! Not a creature concerned was paid. The manager of the theatre—the printer—the bill-stickers—the poor devils who carried boards upon their backs through the streets—all, all were sufferers by the shameful transaction. Two excellent artists—W. H. Holmes and his talented pupil, young Noble—accompanied the party to Portsmouth for the sake of a pleasant trip, and to render any little assistance they could. Holmes accompanied J. B. Chatterton in his fantasias on the harp; and well it was that he was on the spot—for, by some means, Kiallmark lost his coat, and Chatterton was obliged to lend him his; so they had but one coat between them—*ergo*, they could not have appeared on the stage together! By inserting this in your extensively-read publication, you will put the public on their guard against Vaudrey, *alias* Venus, should he attempt another swindle.

Yours obediently,

Bow-street, March 8, 1848.

PHILO TOWNSEND.

### REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

*Davidson's Lyrical Drama. "Mozart's Marriage of Figaro," entire, including the recitatives, with the original Italian Libretto, and an English version by GEORGE SOANE, Esq., A.B., with stage directions, &c., &c. Arranged in vocal score with pianoforte accompaniments, under the supervision of HENRY WEST, of the Royal Academy of Music.—G. H. DAVIDSON, Doctor of Commons.*

W. Davidson is, we believe, the originator of the publications of "Music for the Million." Whether these publications have effected any good, or conferred any serious benefit on society, we have no direct means of ascertaining. The *Marriage of Figaro* has already appeared in the same form and nearly as cheap, so that the merit of originality does not pertain to Mr. Davidson on that head. We have our doubts if operas in this form, however cheap, will reimburse the speculators. Very few of the public generally have any predilection for operas beyond a few of the airs or duets, which they may purchase cheap enough at the regular publishers. It has been urged that one of the chief benefits derivable from operas published in a portable shape will be, that the purchaser may carry them without inconvenience to the theatre, and may thereby be enabled to follow the composer's score, thus uniting instruction with amusement. Now, the gods forbid! that ever this should come to pass! Sure such an idea could only have occurred to the smallest Triton of the minnows of pedagoguism! And yet would such an issue be productive of infinite mirth; and, moreover, with a little finesse, might be turned to good account. Let us suppose for an instant that every visitor to Her Majesty's Theatre, or the Royal Italian Opera, was furnished with a full score of the opera to be performed, a good sized quarto volume, numbering some five or six hundred pages. Very well then! What an imposing sight! Three or four thousand thick-set stumpy books brought into view at one moment. But not the sight alone would be gratified—the hearing would be delighted: for oh! what rapture to a lover of paper sounds, to list to the turning over of three or four thousand leaves, making a sweet and rustling accompaniment to the tunes of Mozart or Rossini—how very novel! And again, what pleasing and unexpected interruptions should we not receive in the midst of the sublimities of "Crudel perche," or "La Calunnia!" Another source of gratification might be derived from the introduction of these big books in the theatres, the idea of which would be taken from the practice of boys at school. When any performer, or any piece did not afford pleasure to the audience, in place of the vulgar and offensive mode, as at present practised, of hissing and hooting, by simply allowing our quarto companions to fall from our hands on the ground,

the double purpose would be served of expressing our disapprobation, and precluding the music from being heard. Much mirth would, doubtless, be excited from the sustained hedge-firing of the dropping volumes. If the new and cheap editions of the operas be published with a view to act as companions to the visitors of the Italian theatres, the above will be the only benefits likely to accrue therefrom. But we feel assured, however these may fail, other aims are intended by our worthy friend and Mr. Davidson. To disseminate Mozart's *chefs d'œuvre* in a cheap form, to provide a good and literal translation of the Italian words, and to supply the score in its integrity, are real benefits, and are entitled to no small praise. Mr. Davidson's *Marriage of Figaro* is well worth the money charged. The text is somewhat small, but neatly printed, and Mr. West and Mr. Soane appear to have applied themselves to their separate tasks with zeal and perseverance.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—(From a Correspondent.)—A highly interesting scene occurred on Thursday evening, the 9th instant, at the "Theatre Français," now called "Le Theatre de la Republique." After the performance of *Les Horaces*, Rachel, who had played Camille, was called on from all parts of the house to sing the "Marseillaise." After some delay she appeared in the dress she wore in the tragedy, but with the addition of the tri-colour ribbon. There was something to me singularly impressive in this strange exhibition, although its absurdity and extravagance did not entirely escape me, who felt no great sympathy for the mobbish feelings. But no sooner did Rachel open her lips, and utter the first words and first notes of the national air, than I felt the same spell twining round me that Pasta used to weave for me in Medea. I never felt the sublimity of Rachel more deeply. The occasion to me was fraught with no enthusiastic impulses; I could smile at the audience and their vociferations; I could feel no great excitement, as you may well imagine, from the poetry, or tune of the Marseillaise; yet was I absolutely bound as in a magic chain, the moment Rachel commenced singing. And such singing—it was not singing referable to tune, tone, or rhythm, it was something beyond singing—it was the holiest interpretation of music I ever listened to, and were I to live a thousand years, I should never forget it. I never heard dramatic singing finer, if so fine, from Pasta, or Grisi. You can have no earthly notion of the effect she produced. The air of the hymn was rendered clearly and firmly, but without what is commonly called quality of tone. Rachel appeared to have elevated herself above all human sounds, and to be articulating at the starry gates of heaven, while we, poor mortals, but faintly caught the music below. Never were more variety and intensity infused into song. Now she delivered the words in a low wailing tone, ominous as Cassandra inspired with doleful prophecy; and anon she spoke inter-penetrated with so holy a fervor, that you would have thought an inspired being stood before you, forgetful of human passions, of human frailties, about to be transported to the supernal regions, never again to visit this nether world. Her acting in the last verse exhibited her dramatic tact to admiration. She rushed forward, seized the Republican flag, threw herself on her knees, turned her eyes towards the heavens, and exhibited such a picture of religious feeling and faith, as would have afforded the greatest painter of all time a splendid subject for his pencil. I shall not attempt to depict the emotions of the crowd



## PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The first concert of the present season occurred on Monday night. The room was well filled, and we have reason to believe that the subscription falls little short of last year's. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.			
Sinfonia in B minor, No. 3, Op. 55		A. Hesse.	
(First time of performance in this country)			
Recit. { "Dare I believe" }	{ (Azor and Zemira), Miss		
Air { "Gentle thoughts" }	A. Williams	Spohr.	
Concerto in E flat, Op. 73, pianforte, Mr. Anderson		Beethoven.	
Aria, "Voi che sapete," (Le Nozze di Figaro) Mdle.			
Alboni		Mozart.	
Overture, Euryanthe		Weber.	
PART II.			
Sinfonia in A, No. 2		Mendelssohn.	
Aria "Pensa alla Patria" (L'Italiana in Algeri) Mdle.			
Alboni		Rossini.	
Concerto, No. 3 (M.S.), violin, M. Sainton		Sainton.	
Duetto, "Serbami ognor si fido" (Semiramide), Miss A.			
Williams and Mdle. Alboni		Rossini.	
Overture, The Men of Prometheus		Beethoven.	
Conductor, Mr. Costa.			

The symphony of Hesse is a very common-place affair, and it is to be hoped that "its first performance in this country" may also be its last. It was taken from the society's library, where it may now be safely replaced, to rest in future undisturbed. It was well played by the orchestra, but received with sullen indifference by the subscribers.

Miss A. Williams got through Spohr's elaborate song very carefully and cleverly; but it is a little too much for her stamina.

Mrs. Anderson's reading of the superb concerto of Beethoven was in her usual classical and unaffected style; no liberties with the author, no exaggerated sentiment, and no trivial ornament marked her performance, which won, and richly merited, loud and unanimous applause. The orchestra accompanied her admirably, Mr. Costa taking the utmost care to follow every gradation of time according to the impulse given by the fair pianist.

Mdle. Alboni, who had recovered from her indisposition, was in glorious voice, and sang the "Voi che sapete" as Mozart himself would like to have heard it, not changing a single note, or adding a single cadence. The transposition from E flat to G, about which our vivacious cotemporary, the *Chronicle*, is so profusely eloquent, has, unfortunately from long habit, merged into a *sine quâ non*, none but *contraltos* attempting the music of Cherubino, now-a-days, although Mozart wrote it for a *soprano*. Nevertheless, (much as we object to transpositions), we would infinitely rather hear "Voi che sapete," sung as Alboni sang it on Monday night in G, than in an ordinary style by an ordinary singer in the original key. The audience seemed of our opinion, to judge by the hearty and unanimous encore, which compelled the magnificent contralto to retrace her steps into the orchestra and renew our measure of delight.

The *Euryanthe* was played with a rough and overwhelming energy for which the Philharmonic band is famous, and commanded the encore it rarely fails of obtaining.

Mendelssohn's symphony cannot be dismissed in the space we have now at our command. This also has been lying for years on the shelves of the library, by the side of Hesse, No. 3, Op. 55! It was written for the society many years ago, during the composer's first professional visit to London; it was once played under his direction, and once, subsequently, under that of Mr. Lucas, since when it has lain neglected. There was, we believe, a reason for this—viz., that Mendelssohn intended to rewrite some parts of it. As, unhappily, he did not live to carry this intention into effect, it must be left alone, for who is there lives that could touch it? We shall

devote an article wholly to this symphony next week, and must content ourselves now with recording the opinion of Hector Berlioz, who was present at its performance, and, in the postscript of a letter addressed to ourselves, thus cursorily alludes to it:—

"Je vous ai cherché, comme un diamant dans le sable, l'autre soir au concert Philharmonique. Je voulais vous dire ce que vous savez aussi bien que moi—que la symphonie de Mendelssohn est un chef d'œuvre, frappé d'un seul coup, à la manière des médailles d'or. Rien de plus neuf, de plus vif, de plus noble et de plus savant dans sa libre inspiration. Le Conservatoire de Paris ne se doute seulement pas que cette magnifique composition existe, et la découvrira dans dix ans."

## (Translation.)

"I was looking for you everywhere the other night, at the Philharmonic Concert. I wished to tell you what you know as well as I—that the symphony of Mendelssohn is a master-piece, struck at one blow, like a gold medallion. Nothing more new, more vivid, more noble, more learned, has proceeded from his free inspiration. The Conservatoire of Paris has not even an idea that this magnificent composition exists! and will discover it about ten years hence."

Mr. Costa and his orchestra were on their mettle, and we must confess that, on the whole, we have heard few more effective performances. The *Andante* was encored with rapture, and every movement created the most intense interest; the last especially, *Presto Saltarello*, stirring up the audience to the highest pitch of excitement. The Directors must repeat this symphony once more during the present season. If they fail to do it spontaneously, we shall set on foot a petition, signed by as many subscribers as are of our mind.

Alboni's air from *L'Italiana* was a triumph of florid execution, graceful expression, finished phrasing, and unaffected taste; never was her luscious and unrivalled voice heard with more astonishing or with more delicious effect. She was applauded "to the echo."

M. Sainton's concerto is a composition of great cleverness and is admirably adapted to display the capabilities of the violin. There are passages in it which require tone and expression, as well as others which demand sure mechanism and brilliant execution, and M. Sainton, shewing himself equal to all emergencies, played the whole concerto in masterly style, and met with the unanimous applause to which he was justly entitled. In the accompaniments the orchestra displayed a tendency to carelessness which we did not note in any other piece during the evening; but M. Sainton is too experienced a performer to be put out, and was as steady as a rock throughout.

The popular duet from *Semiramide* was beautifully rendered, Miss A. Williams singing up to her great companion with praiseworthy zeal and proportionate success.

The overture to *Prometheus*—which came out quite fresh after its long silence—finely executed, was a splendid climax to this, with one solitary exception, irreproachable programme.

Mr. Costa's appearance in the orchestra was hailed by a burst of applause, a compliment of which his conducting during the evening proved him fully deserving.

We presume the next concert will be wholly dedicated to the works of the late lamented Mendelssohn, to whose brilliant genius the Philharmonic Society owes so many of its triumphs. Surely the Philharmonic will not be found in the rear of the *Conservatoire* of Paris, in so good, and so national a cause.

## PROVINCIAL.

NEWCASTLE.—(From a Correspondent.)—The business here continues very good; and the only thing which renders the company less attractive than last season is the impossibility of Mr. Davis appearing in a succession of his popular parts, from bad health. In *Hamlet*, *William Tell*, and *Shylock* he is excellent; and perhaps there are few actors now on the stage who possess greater versatility. His *William*, for instance, in *Black Eyed Susan*, is scarcely inferior to T. P. Cooke's; and, with such

a talented lady as Mrs. Ponisi in the company, he ought to exert himself to play some tragedy parts, which might bring them together, and produce the same effect as his *Stranger* and her *Mrs. Haller*. There is another lady here—Miss Fitzpatrick—who has created a sensation in Lady Townley, Lady Gay Spanker, &c., &c. Her appearance would alone be an attraction; added to which her costumes are always in keeping with the period of time intended to be represented. Miss Fitzpatrick possesses evident abilities; and you may look forward, at no distant period, to find her taking a leading place in her profession in London.

LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent.)—An immense crowd assembled on Tuesday night, at the Theatre Royal, Williamson Square, Madame Anna Thillon being announced to appear in the *Young Guard*, a piece that has been lately played with great success at the Princess's Theatre, London. But a grievous disappointment awaited the audience. Bills were posted on all the walls of the theatre announcing the impossibility of producing the *Young Guard* that evening, and praying the visitors to allow the substitution of a concert. The cause of the disappointment was explained to us to be as follows:—Mr. Cooke had engaged Madame Thillon to appear that night at the theatre, and had also provided Messrs. Corri and Bishop to appear with her. Madame Thillon arrived on Monday and attended rehearsal at the theatre. The band, chorus, and principals were assembled, when, lo! it was discovered that the score of the music had not arrived from London; it was, therefore, impossible to perform the *Young Guard* that evening. But what was to be done? Madame Thillon was appealed to. She offered Mr. Cooke to appear in any part he could get ready, or to sing any number of songs at a concert. The notion of the concert was at once taken up, and Mr. Cooke had bills posted all over the town, and within the theatre. Notwithstanding these precautions, the mob had no sooner assembled inside the theatre than they commenced a regular row, and demanded the performance of the *Young Guard*. Mr. Cooke came forward, and explained to them the whole circumstances. These, however, were but little heeded by the majority of the crowd. At last, Mr. Cooke offered to return his money to any person who chose to retreat, and this offer was accepted by eighty-four persons in the pit, fifty in the dress-boxes, thirty-five in the upper boxes, and fifty in the gallery. As soon as they had departed, the concert proceeded, and those who remained had cause to congratulate themselves on their good fortune; for Madame Thillon perfectly delighted them with her elegant and finished singing. The charming singer was loudly applauded and encored in all her songs.

BATH.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Saturday evening the all-popular Jullien, the caterer of caterers, the chief of chiefs, and the Soy of the Musical Reform Club, gave the first of two concerts announced to take place in this city. M. Jullien was welcomed like a favourite and an old friend—he was three-fold welcome. Welcome, first, as coming to contribute largely and wholesomely to the general amusement; welcome, in the next place, as bringing himself with him—for his countenance is hilarious, and is exuberant with kindness and good-fellowship, and sheds joy around him, making May of February; and welcome, in the third place,—for he brought us the accomplished singer, Mr. Sims Reeves, of whom such great things have been spoken and told. M. Jullien was also attended by the fair contralto, Miss Miran, who made a decided hit on her debut at Drury-lane, and by Mr. Whitworth, the bass, whose success was no less assured at the Grand Opera. But the Jullien brought us other things musical, for which we tender him our acknowledgments—he has introduced us to the Swiss Quadrille, the fame of which alone had previously reached our ears. To these if we add an effective instrumental force, which numbered among them those popular performers, Herr Koenig and Richardson, we shall have named a list of obligations which must leave us Mons. Jullien's lasting debtors. The concert of Saturday was good—very good. The principal feature, as a matter of course, was Mr. Sims Reeves. He delighted us all, and enraptured the most of us. He is really a splendid singer. His voice is a pure tenor, of great power and compass, and is most exquisitely managed. It is truly an Italian voice, and reminds us at times of Mario's, only it is not so lavish of the falsetto. Mr. Reeves, you tell us, goes to Lumley's. He will make some of the tenors there shake in their shoes. I have no doubt he will debut there in Edgar. What an improvement on the bellows-mender, Frachine, Reeves will be! Mr. Lumley is no bad judge, to secure the services of so splendid a singer, and so finished an artist as Mr. Reeves. We were all quite charmed with his singing Balfe's ballad, "In this old chair." It was given with the greatest chasteness and delicacy, and was vehemently encored. I do not know when I have heard such ballad-singing; and the more praise is due to Mr. Reeves, who, with a voice educated in the Corinthian style of the Italians, can deliver himself up to the Doric of his own country with truthfulness and power. Mr. Reeves gave a cavatina from *Ernani*, and exhibited his fine feeling and high dramatic power to perfection. Miss Miran pleased exceedingly in an air from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and was encored. Mr. Whitworth also came in for his share of applause. Besides the Swiss Quadrille, which I

decidedly think is the best of Jullien's quadrilles—omitting the introduction and finale, which have no business where they are—Herr Koenig and Mr. Richardson delivered themselves of solo performances on their respective instruments, the coronet-a-piston and flute, and received the usual award; and some instrumental pieces were given, which displayed the efficiency of M. Jullien's instrumental corps. The next concert takes place on Saturday (this day).

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Lumley, with his usual spirit and liberality, has announced a benefit to be given at the Opera for the distressed artisans of the metropolis. The performances will be under the sanction of Her Majesty, and will be patronised by most of the nobility in London. Last year Mr. Lumley gave a benefit night for the poor Irish and Scotch which realised upwards of £1,500: we trust his benevolent intention this year will derive no less successful an issue.

THE BEETHOVEN'S QUARTET SOCIETY.—Mr. Rousselot, the director of this Society, has issued his prospectus. The first performance takes place on Monday next, and will be held at the Rooms, No. 76 Harley-street. Mr. Rousselot has already entered into an engagement with Herr Molique, first violin and musical director to the King of Wurtemberg, and promises Sivori and other eminent violinists who are expected in London during the season. Sinton and Hill occupy their posts of last year. Mr. Rousselot deserves the best support of the musical public. The Beethoven Society is one of the best conducted in the metropolis, and under Mr. Rousselot's direction, holds out the brightest prospects to the musician and the amateur.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. T. COOKE.—The last remains of Mr. T. Cooke were deposited in the Kensall Green Cemetery on Saturday last. There was neither funeral demonstration, nor friendly procession, the body being attended to the grave by the immediate members of the family only. Several musicians and friends of the deceased expressed a desire to pay their last tribute of respect by following him to his last home; but their requests were declined by the family, as Mr. Cooke had expressed a wish in his last moments that his funeral should be as private as possible.

SIGNOR LANZA'S MS. OPERA.—On the evening of Wednesday the 8th, a large assembly had collected to hear a new opera by Signor Lanza, in the concert room of the Princess's Theatre. The title of this opera, it appears from the programme is *Hamlet* and *Zelena*. The plot is not given; we were merely informed of the opening lines of the various pieces; one of which, namely, "Oh! what means this?" was no doubt felt by the audience. We presume, rather from the words than the music, that the opera is *buffa*, since there are a number of comic duets and ballads. It would be unfair to give any decided opinion on this work, since the orchestra was too bad to give us an idea of Signor Lanza's music. The author's conducting was an inevitable struggle. Signor Lanza's aim in this work was evidently that of writing for the admirers of English music, and there are some pieces (especially the Madrigal) which possess the elements of popularity. The comic portions want sparkle and life, they are too laboured and monotonous. It is but fair however towards the composer to state, that throughout the opera, a certain degree of scholarship was observable, and there was nothing greatly to displease the ear, but the imperfect execution. Mlle. Rosalia Lanza was the *prima donna*; her voice is not capable of executing music written for a pure soprano, the legitimate range being that of a *mezzo soprano*. This lady repeated three pieces, one of which, a Polacca,

is really brilliant and fresh. The tenor part was taken by a gentleman who gave up the struggle with the orchestra at a very early period and sang *sotto voce*. The remaining parts in the opera were filled by Miss P. A. Robinson, Mr. J. Herbert, Mr. Frost, Mr. Payne, Mr. Wyme and Mr. Mattuck, who were as satisfactory as could be expected under the influence of the orchestra.

**THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.**—The seventy fourth anniversary of this important and excellent society was celebrated on Wednesday last at the Freemason's Tavern. There were present the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Madras, the very Rev. the Dean of Westminster, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, M. P. the Venerable the Archdeacon of Kildare, the Lord Mayor of London, the High Bailiff of Southwark, B. Hawes Esq. Mr. Sheriff Cubitt, M. P. Captain Sir E. Belcher, the Rev. E. L. Davies, The Rev. James, Mr. Deputy Brown, Mr. Howard Gibson &c. &c. After the loyal and patriotic toasts Mr. Hawes senior, the Treasurer, read a list of the donations in the present year, amounting to nearly £600. Among others the Rev. E. L. Davies was presented with a medal for saving a fellow creature from drowning at the imminent risk of his own life. We are informed that this is not by any means the first gallant action of the sort performed by this excellent and justly popular gentleman. The musical arrangements, under the superintendence of Mr. Hobbs, gave the greatest satisfaction.

Mr. G. COOPER, the violinist, is engaged for the Ancient Concerts. His assistance will materially enforce the stringed department of the band.

Mr. JAMES WALLACK having recovered from his severe illness, is about to appear at the Princess's Theatre in a few days.

**MELODISTS.**—The second meeting of this convivial society, went off brilliantly, Edward Goldsmid Esq., an octogenarian, and something more, presiding. Vocal pieces were sung by honorary members, and Lindsay Sloper delighted the company by his exquisite rendering of a couple of Mendelssohn's songs without words, on the pianoforte. Mr. Carte played a fantasia on the flute, and Mr. Lazarus a solo on the clarinet, (accompanied by Mr. Sloper) excellently; and the evening passed off in the most agreeable manner. The candidates for the prize offered by the Duke of Cambridge, have sent in their compositions, and the adjudication will take place shortly.

**FOREIGN ORIGIN OF OUR PSALM TUNES.**—During the cruel scenes of Mary's reign psalmody flourished on the continent. Many of the faithful English who fled thither increased their acquaintance with the art of congregational singing. They brought back with them an enlarged fondness for the practice, as well as many of the tunes used by the reformed churches. These facts account for the foreign origin of nearly all our oldest and best psalm tunes. Accordingly, in 1562, when, under the auspices of Elizabeth, a complete version of the psalms by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others was published by Day, about forty of these foreign were printed with them. They were all set in diamond-shaped breves and minims, for only one voice, and chiefly in the tenor-clef. About the same period, Archbishop Parker, who, during his exile on the continent, had finished his version of the psalms, engaged the memorable Tallis to compose eight tunes to them. In style they are precisely the same as that of the important tunes. They are syllabic, mostly in a minor key, and strictly plain in harmony. The well-known melody to Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn is an outrageous corruption of one of them.—*Hackett's National Psalmist*.

Mr. SAMUEL VALE, a well known comic actor at the minor Metropolitan theatres, expired last week at his residence at Kennington Lane. Mr. Vale was the original Bob Logic, in the favorite piece, *Tom and Jerry; or Life in London*, produced at the Surrey upwards of twenty years ago. He was in his fiftieth year.

Mr. WILLIAM FARREN, son of the great comedian William Farren, makes his first appearance as a singer in London, on Wednesday next, at the Concert of Ancient Music, under the patronage of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge. Mr. W. Farren, we understand, has been studying in Italy for some years, and report speaks most favorably both of his vocal and artistic powers. We shall be delighted to recognise the son of our accomplished and time-honored comedian among our best vocalists.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER.—*The magnificent "Euterpe" is not married, nor—though we have the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with her—have we any notion that such an event is likely. On this information our polite correspondent may safely rely. We shall always be delighted to answer the questions of one who interrogates us upon such interesting subjects.*

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### MR. W. STERNDALÉ BENNETT

Has the honour to announce that his next performance of CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place at the HANOVER ROOMS, on TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH the 28th; to commence at half-past eight o'clock, when he will perform Selections from the Works of various esteemed Composers, and will be assisted by eminent vocal and instrumental talent. SUBSCRIBERS' TICKETS, ONE GUINEA each, SINGLE TICKETS, to admit to any one CONCERT, HALF-A-GUINEA each.

To be had of Mr. W. S. BENNETT, at his Residence, 15, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square; and at the principal Music Warehouses.

##### The Greatest Sale of any Medicine in the Globe.

##### HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

##### A Very Wonderful Cure of a Disordered Liver and Stomach.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Charles Wilson, 30, Princes Street, Glasgow, dated February 18th, 1847.

"Sir,—Having taken your Pills to remove a disease of the Stomach and Liver under which I had long suffered, and having followed your printed instructions I have regained that health, which I had thought lost for ever. I had previously had recourse to several medical men, who are celebrated for their skill, but instead of curing my complaint, it increased to a most alarming degree. Humanly speaking, your Pills have saved my life! Many tried to dissuade me from using them, and I doubt not but that hundreds are deterred from taking your most excellent medicine, in consequence of the impositions practised by many worthless persons; but what a pity it is that the deception used by others, should be the means of preventing many unhappy persons, under disease, from regaining health, by the use of your Pills. When I commenced the use of your Pills, I was in a most wretched condition, and to my great delight, in a few days afterwards, there was a considerable change for the better, and by continuing to use them for some weeks, I have been perfectly restored to health, to the surprise of all who have witnessed the state to which I had been reduced by the disordered state of the Liver and Stomach; would to God, that every poor sufferer would avail himself of the same astonishing remedy."

"To Professor Holloway." (Signed, "CHARLES WILSON.")  
These truly invaluable Pills can be obtained at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and of most respectable Vendors of Medicines throughout the civilized World, at the following prices—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

##### DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE

is acknowledged as the best specific, after three year's trial, for improving the Voice and removing all affections of the throat, strongly recommended to Clergymen, Singers, Actors, Public Speakers, and all Persons subject to relaxed throats.

See the following extract from "The Dramatic and Musical Review, January 1847.

"TO CORRESPONDENTS.—AN AMATEUR VOCALIST.—Use Stolberg's Lozenges by all means; they will strengthen the voice, and remove hoarseness. We have recently, through a chemical friend, submitted them to analysis, and the result proves them to be a most efficacious remedy for affections of the throat generally.

Wholesale Agents, Barclay and Sons, Farringdon Street; Sutton and Co., Bow Churchyard; W. Edwards, Newbery, and Sons, Saint Paul's Churchyard; Sanger, Dietrichsen and Hannah, Oxford Street; and Retail by all respectable Chemists in the Kingdom.



## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

### CAUTION.

The Committee beg to inform the Subscribers and the Public, that the Society advertised under the name of the "LOND'N" SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, is in no way connected with the SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY. The Committee take this opportunity of stating, that Mr. SURMAN, the late Conductor, having been dismissed from his office, by vote of the general body of Members, all official connection between him and the SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY has ceased.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

## NATIONAL SONGS.

- No. 1.—England, Freedom's Home. Words by J. W. Lake, Esq. Dedicated to Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. Music by John Hopkinson. Price 2s.  
No. 2.—Erin awoke! Words by J. W. Lake, Esq. Dedicated to His Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Music by John Hopkinson, Price 2s.

London: J. J. HOPKINSON, 27, Oxford Street.

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## NEW MUSIC,

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"FAIR DAFFODILS," Ballad, by Mrs. FRANCIS HERRICK.

No. 1. SONGS OF THE EXILE, "HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD," ditto. To be had of all Music Sellers in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and the Provinces.

## FOR THE BASS VOICE.

Mr. CRIVELLI begs to acquaint his Friends and the Public, that his Work on the **ART OF SINGING**, adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, is now ready, and may be had of Mr. CRIVELLI, at his residence, No. 74, UPPER NORTON STREET; and at all the principal Music Sellers.

## J. Stewart's Registered Violin & Tenor Holder.

The popularity this simple but most efficient instrument has obtained with professional gentlemen, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Sainton, Emiliani, Blagrove, Cooke, Tolbecque, Nadaud, Hope, Farmer, &c., &c., who have declared their intention to use it constantly. May be had at J. HART's, 14, Prince's Street, Soho, who is appointed sole agent and it will save trouble if country Music Sellers will address their communications to him, where also may be seen a fine collection of violins, violoncellos, &c. N.B. A fresh supply of Roman Strings every three months. J. HART, 14, Prince's Street, one door from Gerard Street, Soho.

IN THE PRESS,

## A MORNING & EVENING SERVICE,

Consisting of TE DEUM, JUBILATE, SANCTUS, with Responses to the Commandments, CANTATE DOMINO, DEUS MISEREATUR, and an Anthem, "I WILL MAGNIFY THEE, O LORD!" Composed and Arranged for the Organ and Pianoforte, By FREDERICK SMEE.

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(SIXTH SERIES)

CROSBY HALL, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

### THE SECOND CONCERT

Will take place on TUESDAY NEXT, MARCH 21st. Principal Performers—Mr. Francis, Mr. Machin, Miss Birch, and Miss Cubit, with a Chorus. Selections from the Works of Handel, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Weber, Bishop, &c., will be performed. The Organ by Miss Mounsey.

To commence at half-past seven and terminate about ten. Subscriptions of 10s. 6d. entitles to two Tickets to the three remaining Concerts. Single Tickets, 2s. 6d. The two subsequent Concerts on April 17th and 28th.

## DISTIN AND SONS,

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Under the Patronage of HER MAJESTY, and  
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Having graciously sanctioned an

### EXTRA NIGHT'S PERFORMANCE,

AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,

For the Benefit of the

### DISTRESSED ARTIZANS of the Metropolis,

Which will be given

On **THURSDAY NEXT, MARCH 23rd,**

A List of the Patrons, and the Details of the Entertainments on this occasion, will be published forthwith.

Applications for Boxes, Stalls, &c., to be made at the Opera Office, Colonnade, Haymarket.

### Messrs. G. and J. CASE

Beg to announce that their

### Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert,

Will take place at the

*London Tavern, on Thursday Evening next, March 23rd, 1848.*

Vocal Performers—Messames Birch, Lablache, and Alex. Newton; Messrs. F. Lablache, N. J. Spörle, and John Parry. Pianoforte, Herr Gollmick; Clarinet, Mr. Lazarus; Violin, Mr. G. Case; Concertinas, Messrs. R. Blagrove, Sedgwick, Bickley, J. Ward, Chidley, G. Case, and J. Case. Conductor, Mr. C. Severn.

Tickets, 3s. each; Reserved Seats, 5s.; to be had of Mr. Case, 51, Great Cornam Street, Russell Square, and at the principal Musiciansellers.

### To Choral Societies, Amateurs, &c.

On the 10th of April will be republished, and ready for delivery to Subscribers,

### A CHEAP EDITION, COMPLETE,

### MOZART'S CANTATA "DAVIDDE PENITENTE"

As to be performed at the approaching Norwich Festival. The English version from the Psalms of David, adapted and arranged by R. ANDREWS.

Price to Subscribers, 5s.; originally published at 15s.

The work will contain about seventy engraved music pages, large size, and includes ten original compositions of Mozart, consisting of songs, duet, trio, chorus, and grand double chorus; and is the only edition published in England. The chorus parts are printed separately, 9d., each voice complete. The entire original orchestral parts may also be had of the publisher.

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Also just Published,

Handel's new sacred Song, "Bow down thine ear, O Lord, 2s.

Handel's new sacred Duet, "O give thanks unto the Lord," dedicated to Sir GEORGE SMART, 2s. 6d., by R. ANDREWS.

Duet Anthem, "Ponder my words, O Lord," Corfe and Handel, 2s. 6d.

To be had of the principal Music Sellers.

### Mr. H. PHILLIPS and Mr. LAND

WILL GIVE AN ENTERTAINMENT ON THE

### Songs and Ballads of England, Scotland, and Ireland,

This Evening, and Saturday next, 25th, at SUSSEX HALL, LEADENHALL STREET; Monday, 27th, WESTMINSTER INSTITUTION; Tuesday, 28th, ALBION HALL, HAMMERSMITH; April 1st and 3rd, THEATRE, GLOUCESTER; and at HEREFORD on the 4th Mr. H. PHILLIPS and Mr. LAND receive their Pupils as usual, at their respective Residences, 35, Hart Street, Bloomsbury; and 15, Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

### BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

The Members, Subscribers, and the Public, are most respectfully informed, that the **FIRST PERFORMANCE** of the Season will take place on **MONDAY, MARCH 20th**, at 76, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, at Eight o'clock. Quartets to be performed—No. 1, Op. 18; No. 9, Op. 59, and Op. 127, in E flat. Artists—Herr Molique (his first appearance at these Meetings), M.M. Sainston, H. Hill, S. Rousselot. Subscribers' names are received by Messrs. CHAMBER and BEALE, 201, Regent Street, where every information may be obtained.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,

### COVENT GARDEN.

On **TUESDAY NEXT, MARCH 21st,**

Will be performed, for the first time this season, DONIZETTI'S Opera,

### LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Lucia . . . . . Madame PERSIANI.

Alisa . . . . . Madame BELLINI.

Enrico . . . . . Signor CORRADI SETTI,  
(From La Scala, at Milan, and San Carlo, at Naples, his first appearance in England).

Raimondo . . . . . Signor POLONINI,

Arturo . . . . . Signor SOLDI,  
(From La Scala, his first appearance in England).

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(His first appearance in England).

Composer, Director of the Music, and Conductor,

### MR. COSTA.

To conclude with, for the fifth time, the new Ballet, in One Act and Three Tableaux, entitled

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THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS BY

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Madlle. CELESTE STEPHAN, and Madlle. O'BRYAN.

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The Ballet composed by M. APPIANI.

The Music by Sig. BILETTA.

The Scenery by Messrs. GRIEVE and TELBIN.

Admission to the Pit, 8s., to the New Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

To the New Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.

The Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, for the night or season, to be obtained at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open from eleven till five o'clock, and of the principal Libraries and Musiciansellers.

### Messrs. Blagrove's Quartet & Solo Concerts.

Messrs. HENRY and RICHARD BLAGROVE have the honour to announce that they will give a series of **FOUR CONCERTS**, in which they will introduce Quartets, Solos, &c., to take place on Wednesday Morning, May 10th, and Monday Evening, June 5th, at the CONCERT ROOMS, 71, Mortimer Street; and on Wednesday Evening, June 21st, and Wednesday Evening, June 28th, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square; the Quartets to be performed by Messrs. HENRY BLAGROVE, H. COOPER, RICHARD BLAGROVE, and C. LUCAS. Eminent Vocal and Instrumental talent will be engaged. Subscription Ticket, One Guinea; ditto to Reserved Seats, One Guinea and a half; Single Ticket, Seven Shillings; ditto to Reserved Seats, Half a Guinea; to be had of Mr. Henry Blagrove, 5, Tavistock Street, Bedford Square; Mr. Richard Blagrove, 71, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square; and of the principal Music Sellers.

### MENDELSSOHN MEMORIAL.

The Committee of the SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY beg to announce that Subscriptions, exceeding £370, have been placed to the credit of the fund, and being anxious to ascertain the amount likely to be realized, they respectfully invite all persons desirous of uniting in the testimonial, to forward their names, at the earliest opportunity, to any Member of the Committee, to the Office of the Society, No. 6, Exeter Hall, to the principal Music Sellers, or to Mr. BOWLEY, 53, Charing Cross.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

Printed and Published, for the Proprietors, at the "Nassau Steam Press," by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex; where all communications for the Editor are to be addressed, post paid. To be had of G. PURKES, Dean Street, Soho; Strange, Paternoster Row; Vickers, Holywell Street; and all Booksellers.—Saturday, March 18th, 1848.